at his ease and chat with an English lady, and then rise and say without a trace of self-consciousness : " Excuse me ; I think 111 just go to the kitchen and have a talk with the cook "—that is the spirit of Polynesia. Lovaina, the great hostess of the Tiare Hotel, was ruined through keeping guests *because* they could not pay, and although she, alas, has passed over, there are still a few such who remain. But such as these are not common, and if you think to be welcomed as was Captain Cook do not come to Tahiti.

The Utopia of Mr. H. G. Wells's " Men Like Gods " is more likely than any revival of the old Polynesia. There is an utter certainty that total extinction waits the race, at any rate in the Eastern Pacific. The actual blood will run ever more thin and ever more mixed until it is gone, the veritable spirit will vanish away ever more swiftly before aeroplanes, wireless, and " tourism/' It

is a wonder that anything at all remains. There have been proposals already to make the island a Honolulu, with great modern hotels, casinos, golf courses, fishing clubs and tourist agencies. No modern Government could afford to expel the Chinese, and